

305
The mad-merry prankes of Robbin Good-fellow.

To the tune of *Dulcina.*

206.



From Oberon in Fairy Land
the King of Ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robbin I at his command,
am sent to view the night-sports here.
What reuell rout
Is kept about
In euery corner where I goe,
I will oze s^t,
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho ho ho.

Moze swift then lightning can I flye,
and round about this ayre welkin soone,
And in a minutes space descry
each thing that's done beneath the soone:
There's not a Hag
Nor Ghost shall wag,
Nor cry Goblin where I do goe,
But Robin I
Their seats will iyye
And seare them home with ho ho ho.

If any wanderers I meet
that from their night-sports doe trudge home
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
and cause them on with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes
Ore bush and brier with them I goe,
I call vpon
Them to come ou,
And wend me laughing ho ho ho.

Sometimes I mett them like a man,
sometimes an ore, sometimes a hound,
And to a horse I turne me can,
to trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My backe they strike,
Moze swift then winde away I goe,
Ore hedge and lands,
Through pooles and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho ho ho.

When Ladds and Lasses merry be,
With possets and with iunkets fine,
Unseene of all the Company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine:
and to make sport,
I fart and snot,
And out the candles I doe blow,
The maids I kisse,
They shryke who's this
I answer nought but ho ho ho.

Yet now and then the maids to please,
I card at midnight up their wooll:
And while they sleep, snot, fart, and seare,
With whote to thred their sare I pull:
I grind at Mill
Their Malt vp still,
I dress the hemp, I spin their towe
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me laughing ho ho ho.

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The second part, To the same tune.



When house or harth doth flattish lie,
I pinch the Maids there blacke & blew,
And from the bed the bed-cloathes I
pull off, and lay them naked to view :
twirt sleepe, and wake
I doe them take
And on the key cold flooze them thow,
If out they cry
Then soorth they I,
And loudly laagh I ho ho ho.

When any need to borrois ought,
we lend them what they doe require,
And for the vse demaund we nought,
our owne is all we doe desire :
If to repay
They doe delay
Abroad amongst them then I goe,
And night by night
I them affright
With pinching, dreames, and ho ho ho.

When lazie queanes haue naught to doe,
but study how to cogge and lie,
To make debate and mischiefe too
Twirt one another secretly :
I marks their glose
And doe disclose
To them that they had wronged so,
When I haue done
I get me gone
And leave them scolding ho ho ho.

When men doe traps and englis set
in loope-holes where the vermine crepe,

That from their souls and houses set
their ducks and geese, their lambs and chepe,
I spy the gue
And enter in,
And seemes a verain taken so
But when ther there
approach me neare
I leape out laughing ho ho ho.

By Wels and Gils in medowes gréne
we nightly dance our heyday guise,
And to our fairy king and queene
we chant our done light harmonies
When larkes gin sing
Away we fling
And babes new borne steale as we goe,
An else in bed
We leane in stead,
And wend us laughing ho ho ho.

From Hags-bred Merlins time haue I
thus nightly revels to and fro :
And for my pranks men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow:
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites
That haunt the nights,
The Hags and Goblins doe me know,
And Welsams old
My seats haue told,
Ho Vale, Vale, ho ho ho.

F I N I S.

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